

LITTLE EMMA

AND

HER FATHER.

OR, THE

EFFECTS OF PRIDE.

EMBELLISHED WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY MORGAN & YEAGER,

At the Juvenile Bookstore, No. 114, Chesnut-street.

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AND

HER FATHER.

A LESSON FOR PROUD CHILDREN.

WRITTEN BY

MISS HORWOOD.



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Post Office.



EMMA AND HER FATHER.

EMMA'S papa was once quite rich,
And did in town reside ;
And Emma was his only child,
His hope, his joy, and pride.

But Emma ill repaid his care,
His tenderness and love,
For idle, self-willed, proud, and vain,
His little girl did prove.

He tried, by ev'ry gentle means,
Her errors to amend,
And she oft promis'd that she would
To his advice attend.

But Emma often falsehoods told,
For she car'd not for truth ;
And so would strive to hide her faults,
E'en in her earliest youth.

Thus her poor father knew not half
The errors of his child ;
He knew not that, to him alone,
Emma was kind and mild.

And that the little naughty girl
When absent from his side,
Behav'd as ill as child could do,
And car'd not who might chide.

The servants of her father's house
She treated with disdain ;
She thought, what'er she said to them,
They ought not to complain.

She would not think of what papa
Had often to her said,
That it was God who made them poor,
And forced to work for bread.

And that each child who would do right,
Must always strive to prove,
Deserving of their watchful care,
And grateful for their love.

You cannot tell but God some day
May make you just as poor ;
Oblig'd, like them, to labour hard,
For all that you procure.

Then think how you would like to be
Treated with cross disdain,
When you do all that's in your power
Good-will and love to gain.

I hope then you'll not be too proud
To learn what'er is taught,
However humble is the task,
As all good children ought.

If little Emma had done so,
And not been proud nor vain ;
When her papa became quite poor,
She would have felt less pain.

For then proud Emma would have known
That there was no disgrace
In being forc'd to attend herself,
And live in meaner place.

If she had minded that good book,
Papa to school had sent,
She would have learn'd, whate'er her lot,
To always be content.

But Emma would not take the pains
To study what was right,
In dressing fine and idle tricks,
Was all her heart's delight.

At last she suffer'd for her faults,
As all bad children must,
Who will not to the good advice
Of their kind parents trust.

Emma was just thirteen years old,
When sad misfortunes came ;
Her poor papa lost all his wealth,
Yet did he feel no shame :

For he had tried to do his best,
His duty to fulfil ;
And he had early learn'd content
To his great maker's will.

And now he was oblig'd to take
A cottage very small ;
And here he brought his little girl,
For she was now his all.

He fondly hop'd that she would strive
By conduct ever kind,
To cheer his home, now he was poor,
And soothe his troubled mind.

Then think how ack'd that parent's heart,
How was his mind distress'd,
To find the child he lov'd so dear,
Whom he so fondly bless'd,

Too proud to like so small a house,
Or with her maid to part ;
She took no pains, she felt no wish,
To cheer her father's heart.





Instead of smiles of cheerfulness,
His humble home to grace,
From morn to night with frowning brow
And gloomy sullen face.

Her parent saw, with bitter grief,
His Emma so unkind ;
And soon he very ill became,
Through his distress of mind.

And this unfeeling worthless child
Would not give up her play,
To watch by her sick father's side,
At any part of the day.

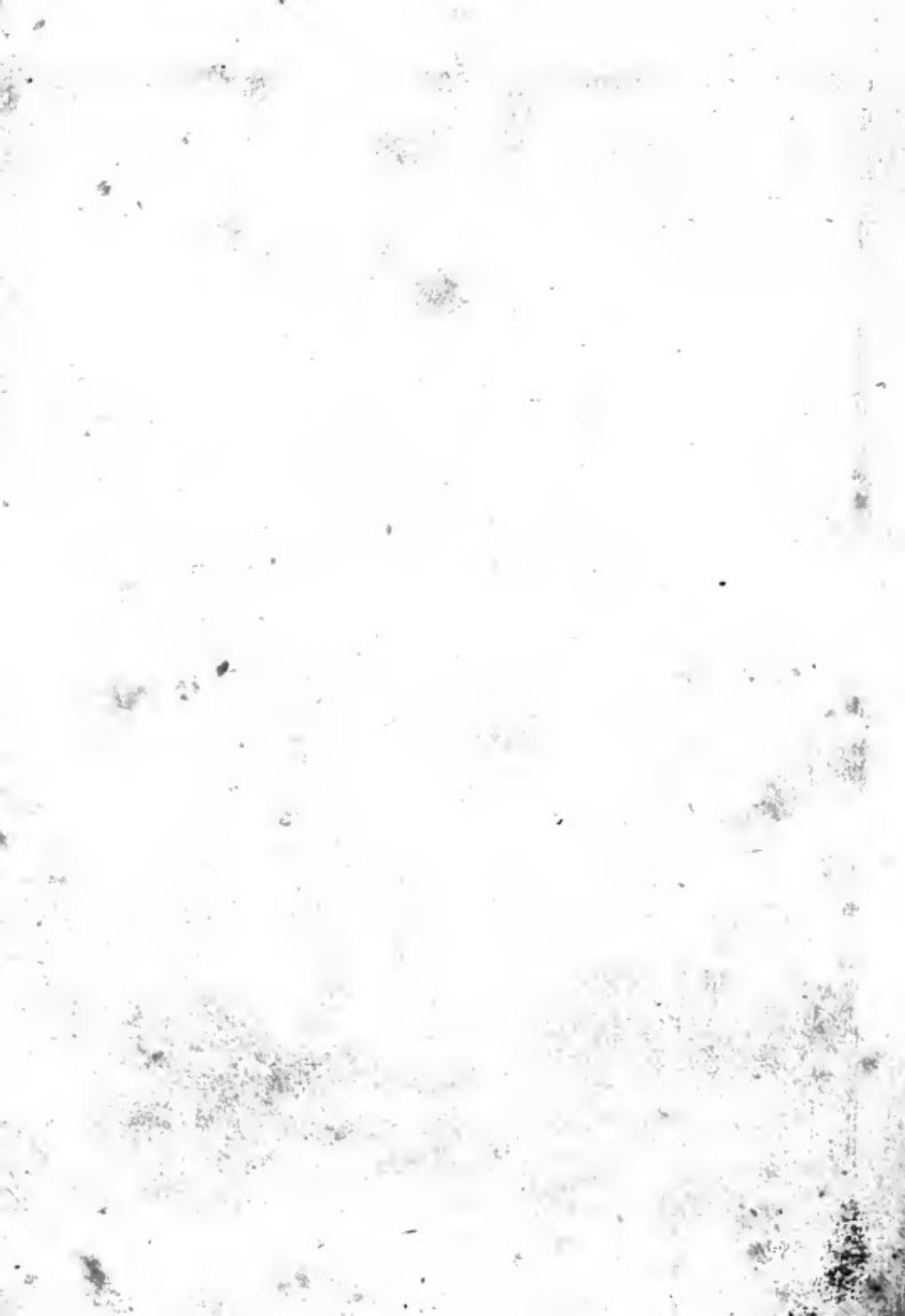
But she, with idle noisy girls,
Would romp adown the vale ;
When tired would set upon a stile,
And read some idle tale.

'Twas sad to see the falling tears,
That dimm'd her father's eyes ;
It might have mov'd the hardest heart,
To hear his mournful sighs.

But soon those sighs were heard no more,
Those tears no more were shed ;
His cruel child had broke his heart,
That parent kind—was dead.

Emma had now no parent left,
To earn her bread to eat ;
And no one lik'd her well enough,
To give her clothes and meat.

So she was forc'd to work herself,
Or she would soon have died.
And now we see how very wrong
Was little Emma's pride.





For what her friends took pains to teach,
She never strove to learn ;
Or she'd have found a better way
Her livelihood to earn.

Nor had she strove to make herself
In heart and temper good ;
And no one would adopt a child
So cross, so proud, so rude.

So Emma was oblig'd at last
To carry milk about :
Whether the morn was wet or cold,
Emma must still go out.

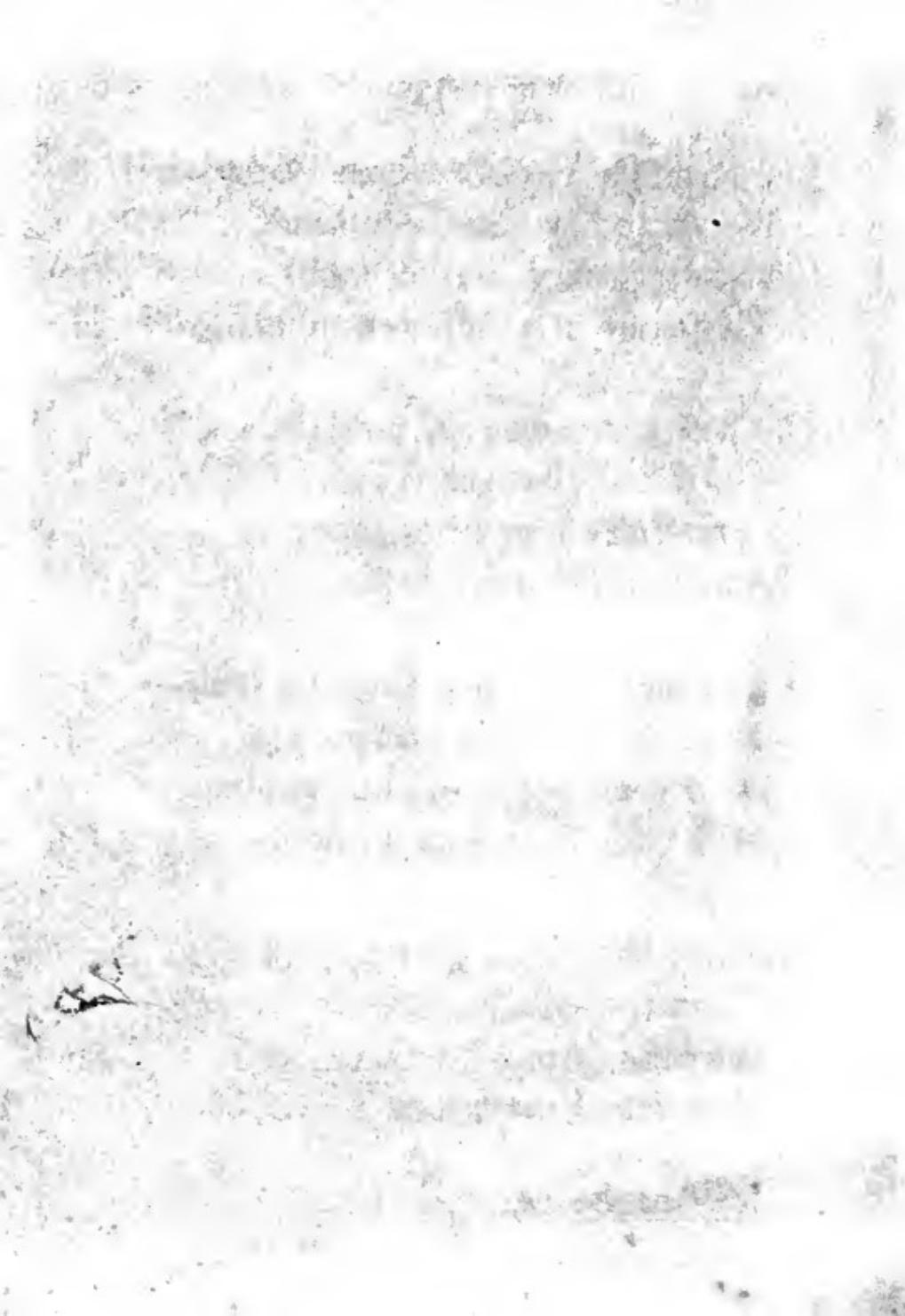
Yet still this self-will'd naughty girl
Sought not her faults to mend ;
For if she had repented them,
She would have found a friend.

The farmer's wife for whom she work'd,
 Would to her have been kind,
 If 'stead of sulky pouting looks,
 That show'd a stubborn mind,

She had been sorry for her faults,
 And did all that she could,
 To gratefully repay her care,
 And earn her daily food.

'Twas therefore only Emma's fault,
 That she was sad and poor ;
 If she'd been good, she had not borne
 Milk pails from door to door.

One day she met a gipsey gang
 Upon the village green ;
 And by the farmer's wife no more
 Was idle Emma seen.





For she had joined the ragged set,
And with them left the vale ;
For they had spoke to her, and she
Had told to them her tale,

And they persuaded her to go
With them to rove about ;
And soon their hard and dreadful life
The wretched girl found out.

Half-starv'd, and beat if she complain'd,
And bare foot forc'd to go ;
She daily lost her health and strength,
Her heart was fill'd with wo.

At length—beneath a mournful tree,
The dying Emma sate ;
The cruel gipsies, hard of heart,
Had left her to her fate.

And Emma now began to think,
 With tears of bitter wo,
 Her wicked faults had well deserv'd
 All she did undergo.

She pray'd to God that he'd forgive
 The ills that she had done ;
 And that her history might serve,
 To warn each little one.

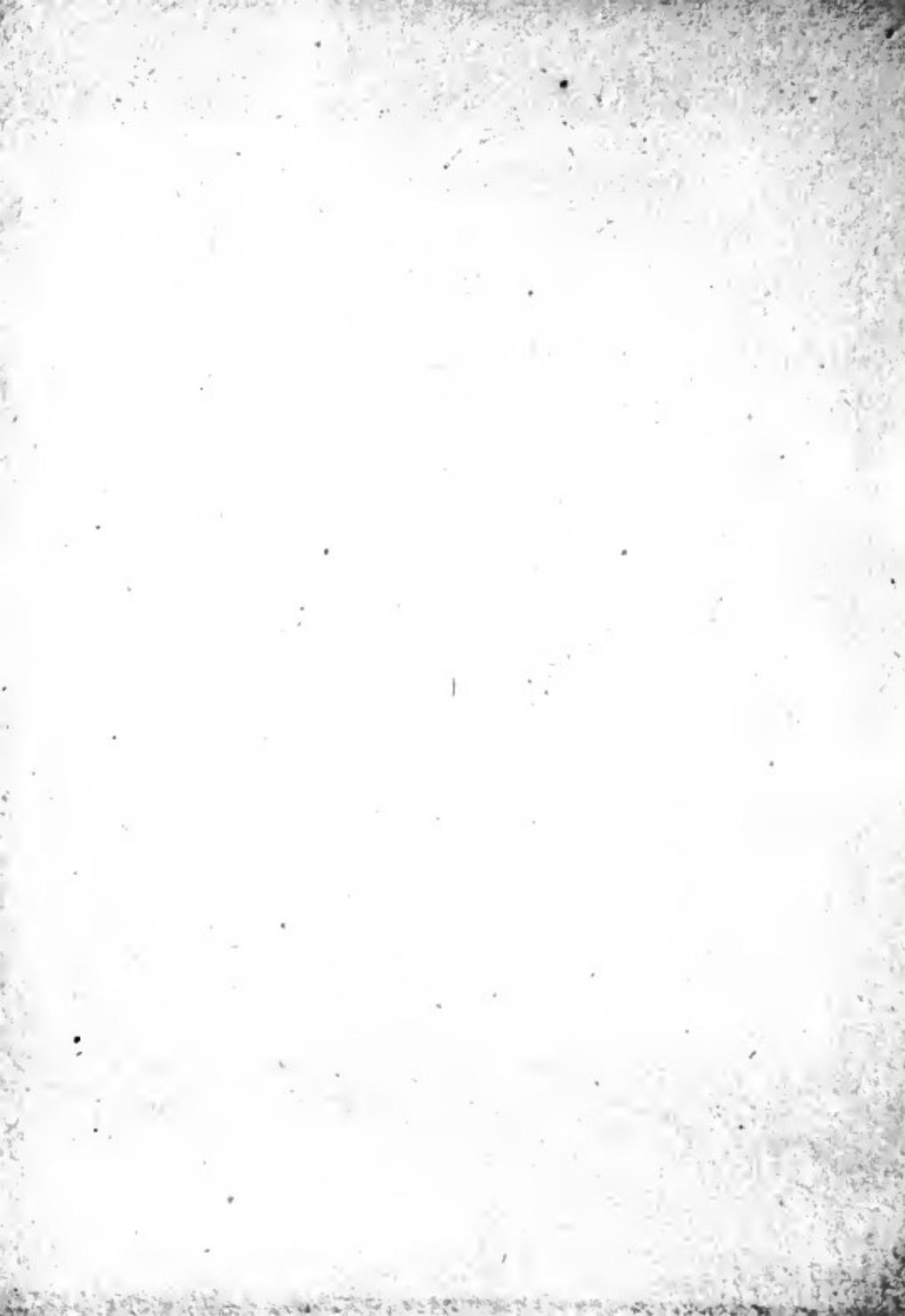
“ Alas ! I've been a sinful child ; ”
 The penitent did cry ;
 “ And for my disobedient pride,
 Thus wretched do I die.

“ O may each little child who hears
 The story of my end,
 Learn to their parent's kind advice
 For ever to attend.”

And soon young Emma on the ground,
All cold and stiffen'd lay ;
But may the awful words she spake,
On that her dying day,

A warning prove to ev'ry child,
Who is too proud to mind
The counsels of their eldest friends,
And of their parents kind.





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